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1. The garden on Kilimanjaro

The garden on Kilimanjaro

I walked Kilomanjalo Hill for the first time,
The sky was clear, the wind whispered through pine.

When I looked back, a garden lay unseen before,
My heart stirred, trembling in my core.
At first, I thought my eyes deceived,
Yet the truth bloomed, I had perceived.

A tree bearing fruit in silent grace,
Its hidden song echoed in that space.
I stepped closer, hands reaching wide,
Fear brushed softly, but I did not hide.

Each step a pulse, each breath a thread,
The garden's secret by my wonder led.
And then I saw it—shimmering light,
A single flower, radiant as the sea at night.
Not just a bloom, but a mirror to my soul,
A spark of something vast, quiet, whole.

I stood, awe-struck, in the wind's embrace,
A fleeting moment, yet I could not erase.
For in that garden, under sun and sky,
I found a secret that would never die.